THE MODOC WAR.

The Herald Correspondent on the Scene of Action.

An Alpine Journey in Mid-Winter.

HISTORY OF THE TROUBLE.

What the Settlers Think About the Indian Commissioners.

A NIGGER IN THE FENCE.

The Battle of the Lava Beds and Uncle Sam's Defeat.

How the Bloodthirsty Savages Gibed the Soldiers in the Fog.

ARRIVAL OF GENERAL GILLEM.

The Position of the Troops and the Future Programme.

NON-ARRIVAL OF THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS

Captain Jack's Alleged Reasons for Declaring War.

HERALD HRADQUARTERS, FAIRCHILD'S RANCHE, SISKIYOU COUNTY, UPPER CALIFORNIA, Feb. 5, 1873. I have at last arrived in the neighborhood of the amous lava beds, a spot which will be celebrated cided victories the Indians ever achieved in this State After arriving in San Francisco I was despatch from the neighborhood of Yreka stating that they had experienced a very heavy fall of snow, rendering the roads nearly impassaole, and consequently obstructing the portage of munition and rations to the front. I, however, ecided to leave immediately, and started last Saturday morning by rail to Redding, via Sacra-mento. The journey by rail to Redding took seven-teen hours, bringing me to the latter spot at eleven o'clock P. M. the same day. I resumed my journey on the following day by stage, leaving at six A. M. After a tedious journey, lasting about thirty-six hours, over a very bad road and part of the journey through eighteen inches of snow, I arrived at Yreka last Monday atternoon, at six

Yreka is a small mining town of about one thouand five hundred inhabitants and situated in Siskiyou county, some four hundred miles due north of San Francisco and about sixty or seventy miles outh of the border line between Oregon and California. There was considerable excitement in this little community about the Indian troubles, and on the whole the business portion of the residents were rather jubilant, as trade was good. In con-sequence of the demand for grain to supply the troops the price of the latter article had risen from two cents to four cents, but at the latter figure here was plenty to be had. Colonel Hague, who was stationed at Yreka forwarding up supplies, stated that the troops were now well furnished th rations, forage and ammunition. Finding the news at Yreka relative to the war was of the ost opposite nature, I deemed it prudent to visit ne of action before sending my first letter. In fact, it was hard to find two people with the same story; and, having no inclination to be boated," as they call it, I paid a visit to a livery stable and contracted with the proprietor fer passage to the army headquarters, some seventy miles distant, in an easteriy direction. Having learned that there were no accommodations at the front, and, in fact, no tents for the men, I supplied myself with a rubber sheet and plenty of blankets, in order to be prepared for camping out.

Heft Yreka early Tuesday morning, in company with a correspondent of a Sacramento paper, and, after a pleasant drive of about eighteen miles across Little Shasta Valley, we began the ascent of Goose Nest Mountain. This proved to be a rather tedious undertaking, as the incline was steep and the road heavy. The country through which we passed gave evidence of a volcanic origin, as some very abrupt strata of rock were visible in all directions, giving the appearance of a mass of rock suddenly uplifted by some violent twelve miles of ascent we arrived at the top of the range and continued along its summit for a short distance, passing through a considerable depth of snow. The mountain was well timbered with immense sugar, yellow and bastard pines; spruce, fir, redwood and mountain maple. During the ascent we passed several empty wagons returning from

These gentlemen told us they were going down to escort some grain wagens, but I have since learned they were deserting. The descent on the northern side of the mountain was tolerably easy, as the road was well graded; but in some places it was very soft, and our wagon sunk in on several occasions up to the axie trees. Descending the mountain we obtained a view of Butte Creek Valley, with Mount Shasta in the distance away to the eastward. Mount Shasta is the highest mountain in the neighborhood, being over fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and was originally a volcano, a fact which probably accounts for the nature of the surrounding country. The hundreds of cattle and herses that dotted Butte Creek Valley showed plainly the calling pursued by the residents of that locality, and we presently had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of one of the occupants of the valley, at whose ranche we passed the night. We arrived at Ball's ranche about five P. M., and camped there for the night, having made the journey from Yreka, thirty-eight miles, in about nine hours. It may appear rather slow travelling to those accustomed to the civilized regions of the East, but I was most agreeably pleased at not being swamped and lest on the mountain all night. Mr. Ball and his brother received us with the accustomed hospitality of the frontier settler, and after doing ample justice to a bountiful supper I unrolled my blankets, and, stretching out on the floor, enloyed a good sleep before a bright log fire. Before laying down, however, I made some inquiries as to the locality of General Gillem's headquarters, and was informed that he had just pitched his camp at Van Bremer's Station, some twenty-five miles distant.

We started next morning and crossed Butte Creek Flat, but missed the road, to Van Bremer's, and finally struck Dorris' ranche. There we learned that General Gillem was expected shortly from Pairchild's ranche, and so we started out and met the General about two miles from Dorris' rainche, and so we started out and met the General about two miles from Dorris' rainche, and so we started out and met the General about two miles from Dorris' raing in an open wagon, and I delivered him some despatches that had been entrusted to my charge at Yreka.

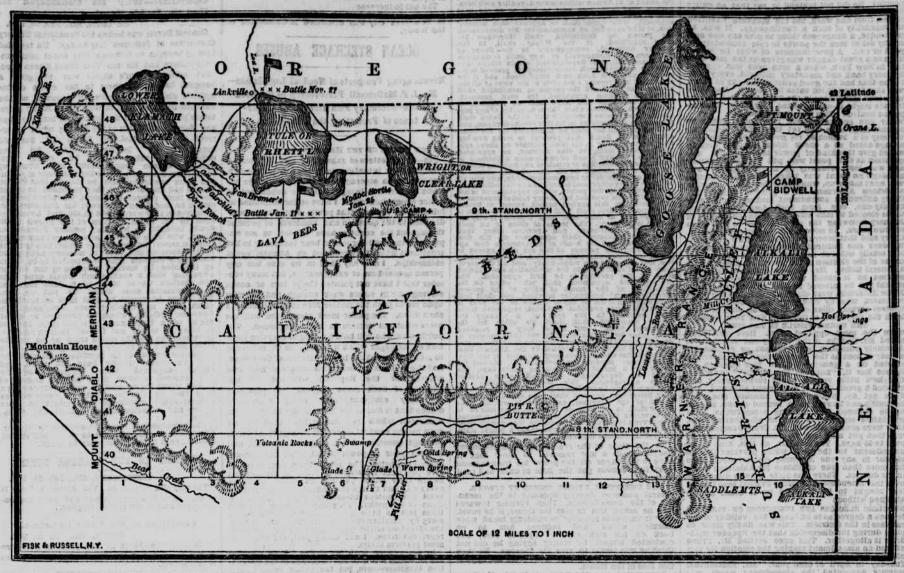
The General informed me that he was going to stop the night at Dorris' and proceed in the morning to Lost hiver. As the General stated I could get a horse at Fairchild's we resumed our journey and arrived 5the last-named place at four P. M. this accupance.

THE MODOC BOTHER. quaintance of one of the occupants of

THE MODOC BOTHER.

I will now give a brief sketch of the Modoc troubles and their erigin, as far as I have been able to learn from the settlers who have resided here fer the past eighteen years. The Modoc tribe have fer the past eighteen years resided on Lost River and this section of the country, and, in fact, claim it as their own. Since the whites first located this section of the country, on the borders of Oregon and California, they have occasionally had trouble with the Modocs, but in nearly all cases at was between the Oregon settlers and the in-

SCENE OF CAPTAIN JACK'S VICTORIES.



dians. About eighteen years ago Ben Wright, an old Indian fighter, invited a number of this tribe to a peace feast, and when he got them all tegether his men fired into the crowd and killed some forty or fifty. This naturally created considerable distrust between the whites and Indians, and after this country was tolerably well settled, in about the year 1857, there was some movement made to get the tribe on a reservation. In the year 1864 the Modec tribe, or what was left of them, were residing on Lost River, near Tule Lake, under the leadership of a chief named Sconches, and an effort was then made by the resident Indian Commissioner to get them to move to Yinax reservation, on Martin River, Ofegon, about fifty miles due north of Lost River. After censiderable talk Sconches and about thirty warriors, with their squaws and papposes, left for the reservation, but the remainder of the tribe decided to remain where they were and RECOGNIZED CAPTAIN JACK AS THEIR CHIEP. This, however, did not satisfy the Oregon settlers, and persistent efforts were made to get Captain Jack and the rest of the tribe to move in the same direction. They, however, had paid occasional visits to the reservation, and finding that game was scarce, preferred the plentiful supply of fish from Lost River to taking the chances of living at the government expense. The troubles, however, still continued, and in the Fail of Union Teservation. They remained there during the months of September, October, November, December and January, and then returned to their old quarters on Lost River. Captain Jack stated his reasons for returning were because they had nothing to cat en the reservation, and they actually had to kill and eat some of their horses in order to prevent starvation. They have now resided on Lost River in two bands, one one can side of their return; but they were perpetually quarrelling with the settlers on the Oregon side of the line, on whom, it appears, they were we were the habit of levying a mild kind of blackmail in the shape of

The two latter gentlemen and some of the other settlers made treaties with these Modocs for the privilege of living and grazing their stock on Butte Creek Flat. The first treaty was made with the privilege of living and grazing their stock on Butte Creek Flat. The first treaty was made The two latter gentlemen and some of the other settlers made treaties with these Modocs for the privilege of living and grazing their stock on Butte Creek Flat. The first treaty was made with Ikc, an Indian who claimed the right over that section of the country. A second treaty was made with Big Jack, and finally a third with Captain Jack, Sconches and others. A consideration was paid the Indians on each occasion. This party of Indians, residing near Fairchild's and Dorris ranches, mustered about thriteen braves, and were considered to belong to Captain Jack's band, though they denied his authority and rather looked up to an Indian blessed with the romantic name Shack Nasty Jim. I allude especially to this band, as I shall have occasion to give them prominent mention further on. Towards the Fall of last year Mr. Odincal, the present Indian Commissioner, annoyed by the perpetual complaints of Ortegon settlers, determined to remove the Modoc Indians to Yinax reservation. A combined movement was consequently made on Thanksgiving Day, last November. A party of soldiers from Fort Khamath, under the command of Major Jackson, and accompanied by Mr. Ivan Applegate, the son of the late Indian Commissioner, visited Captain Jack's party; and simultaneously a party of Oregon settlers, well armed, and under the command of Mr. Oliver Applegate, went to the camp of the party, under the leadership of Cprly-Headed Doctor.

THE FIRST FIGHTING.

A discussion ensued between the troops and Captain Jack's band, as the latter refused to leave their present quarters, which ended in a light, and both parties claim that the other fired first. In this light two Indians were killed and several solidiers killed and wounded. In the meantime the settlers had nearly prevailed on the Curly-Headed Doctor's bandtogo to the reservation, as they stated that Captain Jack's party dead on the field and two pappooses in the fight. This party then broke loose over the country and murdered some twelve or thirteen white settlers, and then going round the

their fight with the soldiers, but kept on the California side of the river, and went into the lava beds from the southern side. They did not murder any citizens on their retreat, and, in fact, told a setter named Samuel Watson to go home, as they only wanted to fight with soldiers, not settlers. When Curly-Headed Doctor's party arrived in the lava bed Captain Jack would not let them go out murdering again, but kept them with him to fight soldiers and not settlers. The first intelligence of the Thanksgiving fight that was brought to the Butte Creek Flat settlers came by Samuel Watson, the man who had been sent back by Captain Jack unharmed. Messrs. Fairchild, Dorris, Bail and others then paid

A VISIT TO SHACK NASTY JIM'S party, who were residing near Fairchild's ranch, and found them very much excited, as they heard the Oregon settlers were coming over to clean them out. Fairchild, Dorris and party told them to keep quiet, and they would see they were not harmed. These Indians had considerable connidence in the above named men, as they had lived close to them for years without trouble. Fairchild then wrote to Major Jackson, stating that he wished to take this party of Indians to the reservation, and his letter was forwarded by Major Jackson to Major Green at Fort Klamath, and the latter immediately wrote to Fairchild, telling him to bring them on and also stating on what terms he

tion, and his letter was forwarded by Major Jackson to Major Green at Fort Klamath, and the latter immediately wrote to Fatrchild, teiling him to bring them on and also stating on what terms he would receive the surrender of Captain Jack and his party. A consultation was then held between the Butte Greek Flat settlers, and it was arranged that Fairchild, Derris, Ball and Beswick should accempany the Shack Nasty Jim, party to the reservation. They accordingly started, and reached Klamath River the same evening, and stopped at the ferry run by Bob Whittle. When they were there some man called out from the other side that a party of Oregon settlers had crossed the river further down and intended coming up to massacre the indians. Fairchild and the other whites then went down to meet this party and had a talk with them. They stated they did not intend to hurt these indians, but had come over to pretect a settler of the name of Small, who they heard was in danger. Fairchild and party then returned to the ierry, and about midnight Mr. Dyer, the sub-agent, came over and said the Indians must be got through that night, as the settlers in Linkville were very excited, and if they saw the Indians might massacre them. There was some trouble

then about getting their horses, and it was halfpast two in the merning beliefe they were ready to start. They then came to the conclusion that they could not get through Linkville before light, and THE INDIANS GETTING SCARED started back for the mountains. They were, however, induced to return to their settlement at Fairchild's, and while the latter was arranging to get troops to pretect them to the reservation they all started off one night and joined Captain Jack in the lava beds, reinforcing his command with fourteen of the best warriors in the tribe. Some few days before this party finally left Messrs. Fairchild, Dorris, Beswick and Murray went to Captain Jack's camp, accompanied by three of the Indians, and had a big talk. When there Fairchild read Major Green's letter to them, which stated that the only terms that could be offered was an unconditional surrender of the murderers and the immediate departure of the rest of the band for the reservation. Captain Jack did not make any direct reply to this communication, but declined to go to the reservation, as the country was too cold and he wanted something to eat. The mission consequently resulted in nothing.

HOW THE INDIANS EFFOGGED THE TROOPS.

The particulars of the battle of the lava bed and the deleat of Major Wheaton's command you have already received in full. Apropos of that subject, I may add that nobody had any idea of the nature of the ground until they got in there, and that fact, coupled with the dense fog, completely bewildered the troops and settlers forming the attacking party. Some of the settlers that were in the fight have since told me that they would hear the voice of some indians they knew were right above them, speaking to them and jibing them, and while looking up to see where the sound came from they would hear it again right behind their backs, from an entirely different quarter. It is a spot composed of immense blocks of rocks that look as if they had been suddenly upheaved from the earth and had fallen in indescribable confusion

horses behind. The report that they lost their rides in that fight is without foundation.

It is also reported by one of the Indian squaws who has visited Captain Jack's party since the lava bed fight that on the following day Shack Nasty Jim and Big Jack had a quarrel about a squaw, which resulted in the death of the latter by the accidental discharge of Shack Nasty's revolver.

General Gillem, colonel of the First cavairy, who is now in command, arrived at Van Bremer's yesterday and visited this camp to-day, en route for Dorris' and Lost River. At the latter piace he will relieve Major Wheaton, who has been in command up to the present.

It is very hard to say what is the programme arranged, but I do not believe anything will be done prior to the arrival of the Peace Commission. There is no doubt that should the peace propositions fail it will cost hundreds of lives to remove captain Jack's party out of their present stronghold, as they are the best fighting Indians ever known in this section of the country, and they have possession of a natural fortification, nearly impossible to storm. They have plenty of provisions, as they have supplied the surrounding settlers.

CAPTAIN JACK OUT OF FOWDER.

It is reported, however, that Captain Jack is badly in want of powder, but as he has offered \$500 for 100 pounds of that precieus composition he will probably be supplied, as there are always plenty of enterprising traders who risk anything in pursuit of the almighty dollar. The California settlers residing in the neighborhood appear to have a tolerably good opinion of Captain Jack and his band, and it was through their induence that he paid his short visit to the Yinax reservation. They also state that Captain Jack would have remained there if he had been treated properly, but was actually driven forth by actual want. They also state that although Captain Jack and his party have been on Lost River ever since February, 1868, and providing for themselves, that funds for provisions and clothes for their use have been re

There are now about s X hundred troops in the neighborhood, stationed in different detachments, at Lost River. Clear Lake, Van Bremer's Ranch, Fairchid's Ranch and Dorris' Ranch. We have here a troop of the First cavalry and a number of armed settlers. The ranch is a small three-roomed log building, and since the Modoc trouble the windows have been barricaded and loopholes cut,
We have no regular means of communication with Yreka, the nearest Post Office.

ART MATTERS.

Mr. Chapman's Paintings.

The discriminating reader will anticipate us when we remark that the simultaneous opening of so many centres of art interest as now proclaim themselves in this city frequently compels us to give less space than we could wish to collections whose intrinsic value is great. Of this description are the paintings belonging to Mr. Henry T. Chapman, Jr., and now exhibiting at the Leavitt Art Gallery. About one dozen first-class American artists are represented, and about twice as many foreign. Among Americans are to be discovered Church, T. L. Smith, Durand, S. R. Gifford, William Hart, George Hail, Marshall, Sonntag, Doughty, Colman and David Johnson. Prominent among foreign contributors may be recognized works by E. Verboeckhoven, N. Diaz, Meyer von Bremen, Pelix Ziem, H. J. Boddington, George Armfield, Pelix Ziem, H. J. Boddington, George Armfield, J. Caraud, J. A. Neuhuys, Reyntjens, Kockkock, La Pierre, L. Perrault, H. Von Seben, P. W. Sebes, C. J. Grips, Heyligers, Henrietta Bonner, David Col. Edward Frère, Birket Poster, William Shayer, Meadows, Carabain, H. Merle, R. S. Zimmerman, E. Stammer, A. Stevens and P. J. C. Gabriel, Some amiable journalists in Brooklyn have lavished upon more than one of these pictures a degree of praise which would seem extravagant to any one incapable of appreciating claims that in this collection Mr. Chapman presents. The present notice assumes to be nothing more than amention of the fact that the 175 works which compose the gathering were seen at a private view given as Wednes-

day evening and that the public will be admitted free until next Wednesday, the evening of which will be the first of the two evenings of the sale. Space is not at hand to lay emphasis this morning on the taste and skill which have been used in the hanging, and in the cordial invitation to picture-lovers which exists in the fact that such an exhibition has been thrown open. We must content ourself for the present, therefore, with naming, among those werks which least resistibly appeal to a cultured taste, "Sunset on the Coast," by William Hart; "Too Late," a very rare water color, by Birket Foster; "The Lovers," by N. Diaz; "A Domestic Breeze," by H. E. Reyntjens; "Delectable Mountains," by William H. Beard; "Town of Castellane, Mount Esterel in the Distance," by Kuwasseg #is; "Sit Still, Miss?" by J. C. Thom; "English Landscape," by Charles Smith; "In the Bayarian Alps," by Emil Beehm; "Shoping," by J. G. Brown; "Looking up the Moselle at Coblentz, Afternoon," by Thomas W. Marshall; "Ylew hear Parna, on the Ganges," by Narcisse Berchère; "The Good Housewile," by C. J. Grips; "The Fisherman's Home," by H. J. Boddington; "A Summer Reminiscence of the Catskills," by A. B. Durand; "On the Bronx," by S. R. Ginford; "Pretty Polly," by Beyligers; "The Gipsy Girl," by Leon Perrault; "A Rebellious Patient," by A. Kalrenmoser; "Teasing Baby," by P. W. Sebes; "A Dainty Morsel," by Joseph Carand; "A Happy Family," by Heurietta Bonner; "The Last Resort," by Alphonse Duplessy; "The New Picture," by A. Stevens; "The Pt Goat," by Hugues Merle; "Pastoral Scene," by Eugene Verboeckhoven; "Love and Art," by E. Stammel; "Schoder; "A Favorable Opportunity," by Joseph Speri; "Use in the Adirondacks," by T. L. Smith; "The Artist's Reverie," by E. Stammel; "Stolen Sweets," by Grips; "Duck Shooting," by Thomas Doughty; "Landscape," by P. J. C. Gabrici; "The Sweets," by Grips; "Duck Shooting, by Prere Edward Frère, and George H. Hall's "Youth and Ace," "Twere vain to pretend to pick out half a dozen pre-eminent superiorities among so m

Academy of Design-East Room There have been exhibitions which have been more fully and cordially attended than the one now in progress at the Academy of Design, but the interest taken in the present display has by no few days ago allusion was made to the more striking works occupying the North Room. Perhaps an equal number will be found in the East. No. 103 represents "The Ghetto, Rome," by Harry Fenn. A series of wide and massive arches form a shadowy vista through which a glimpse of the pure blue sky is occasonally seen. Dilapidated houses, the home of Roman raggedness, form the sides of this vista. In the foreground fish venders display their wares, the hucksters' shadow of the arches. One of the most unique labors in this room is No. 112, "The Tomb of a breathes a rich mournfulness, a sensuous solemnity, which at once fascinates the eye and touches the heart. It teems with a Pagan, picturesque and tropic sentiment. An immense white square mausoleum, with dome-like dover, stands alone, amid short shrubbery, and looming through the tender mystery of the twilight. The dying radiance is grave and sad. A solitary figure crouches obscurely near. After studying this one ought to icok at No. 116, "The Island Rock, Lake George," by J. Henry Hill. Vitality, freedom and gladness are in its blue rushing waters. F. W. Burton has, in No. 117, given us "An Italian Girl," sitting upon a ruin, a cat curied compilacently be side her, and distaif in hand. She looks less interested in her work than in her thoughts, and the air of nbstraction is favored by the delicacy of her features. The vines in the background are rendered with great truth. No. 124, "Near Beddgelert, North Wales," by Aug. M. Swift, is noticeable for the exactness with which the characteristics of that region are interpreted. Thd orange green of the grass, the purple tint of the rocks, the rugged elevations and fissures, and the incessant play of mountain light and shadow are given with force and delicacy. "Near Abbeville," No. 123, by T. C. Bebdine, furnishes some suggestions not unworthy to be compared with those of which hints are found in J.

"Near Ableville," No. 123, by T. C. Bebdine, turnishes some suggestions not unworthy to be compared with those of which hints are found in J. Skianer Prout's "Frauen Kirche," referred to in these columns a week ago, and 'neath the lines of quainty gabled houses, with their innumerable garrets and projecting caves, higging crowds elbow each other, white in the distance looms the vast cathedral. If the gazer is familiar with Charles Kingsiey's "Tragedy of Elizabeth" perhaps there steals silently into the ear of memory these lines:—

All without is mean and small; All within is vast and tail.

All without is barsh and shrill;

All within is hushed and still.

We have compilmented Mr. A. T. Bericher so often of late that it is unnecessary how to refer more than in the most general way to the excellence of his "Fishing Banks," a study from nature. No. 129, by Henry Fairer, represents "A Gray Day on the Coast." Nature, like the beard of the ghost in "Hamlet," is of a sabled silver, and the wildness of the and aky is not less energetic for being ex-Coast." Nature, like the beard of the ghost in "Hamlet," is of a sabled silver, and the wildness of sea and sky is not less energetic for being expressed in menotone. F. Bridges has some "Snow Birds," No. 132. They are very graceful and delicate, and the only great fault in the picture seems to be that the stems on which the little flutterers rest scarcely sway or bend beneath the burden. No. 138, "Burnaam Woods in Autumn," by Thomas C. Farrer, presents phenomens almost as unique, but by no means so gigantic, as those of the Yosemite. Immense gnaried trees, raying out into fantastic branches, have their leaves richly and variously tinctured. Through the deep foliage a finely tempered light descends. J. C. Nicoli's "Deserted Farm," No. 136, is one of those few pictures of which the name precisely indicates the story intended to be told. Neither human figures nor cattle are in sight. In the left background a green acclivity slopes gradually toward the right, Between the sentiment produced and that of ional ness only there is all the difference that exists between emptiness and mere vacuity. Desertion is expressed by the nice omission of those adjuncts which indicate life, activity and human interests. F. Hopkinson Smith, in No. 137, contributes "A Quiet Bypath." Two figures—one sitting, the other standing—occupy a forest dell, rich in cunningly-colored mosses and inchens. No. 143, by Gabrielle F. Eddy, is a very careful study of birches. Waiter Brown has handed in some ciever Italian & sketches. "Moonlight, Lake George," No. 142, by

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

"Handbook of Moral Philosophy," by the Rev. Pro-fessor Calderwood, that it is a book from which "those who knew anything of moral philosophy already would learn nothing, while those who know nothing would learn even less."

MR. CHARLTON T. LEWIS has compiled, and the Harpers will publish, a complete History of Ger-many, from the earliest times to 1871, founded upon Muller's admirable "History of the German

"GOTHIC FORMS, APPLIED TO FURNITURE, DECO-RATIONS, &c.," by B. T. Talbert, is the title of a book that will be illustrated by the Heliotype process, and brought out by Osgood & Co.

LITERATURE, according to Walter Scott's account in 1822, was much better paid then than it is at assist a poor author he refused to comply, asserting that he knew no one worthy of the name, except Coleridge, who was not making from £500 to

£12,000 a year.

THE interminable question of the authorship of Junius is revived by a writer in the London Times, who brings forward the assertion of the late Lord Aberdeen that Pitt told him he knew who wrote the letters of Junius, and that it was not Sir Philip Francis. He added that Francis used to do all he When proofs were once adduced in his presence h listened with evident pleasure and exclaimed, in a theatrical tone, "God! if men lorce laurels on my

head I'll wear them!" IN THE "Literary Life of William Harness" that genial writer tells of a tutor to Hope's sons, the author of "Anastasius," whom he one day found pacing up and down the room in great agitation of mind. "Is there anything the matter;" inquired Mr. Harness, anxiously. "The matter!" he replied, "I should think there was! Three of the worst things that can possibly happen to a man: I'm in love—I'm in debt—and I've doubts about the doctrine of the Trinity!"

THE SPIRITUALIST CORPOVERSY has broken out afresh in the London journals, and runs like cholera or the measles. The Times and Public Opinion open their columns to writers at great length on both sides of the vexed question. MR. W. S. GILBERT has published "More Bab

Ballads," which the Spectator says contain "ol nty of nonsense of the best sort." THE LONDON Publishers' Circular points out the fact that "many of the clergy, having much leisure

cape from theology altogether and are exceedingly industrious in writing for the periodicals." MURRAY Will soon bring out in London Mr. John Henry Parker's great work on "The Archæology of Rome," in three volumes, treating fully of the

buildings, tombs, catacombs, mosaics, frescoes, sculpture, walls, gates, &c. THE Athenaum is loud in praise of Dr. Mayo's new novel, "Never Again," which, it says, puts this American writer "at once into the very first

rank of novelists." It proceeds:—
There is no passion in "Never Again." There is little plot, but there is nature—human nature of the most human kind; there is sparkle, and crudition, and satire cutting and sparkling, yet true and manly. We shall remember him as one of the wittlest living writers and greatest of living masters of human character.

MES SOPHIA JEX-BLAKE, who was refused admission to Howard College, has published in Edinburgh a book entitled "Medical Women." DICKENS thus wrote to Forster bow he wanted

to rehearse his "Chimes" before publication to a

Shall I confess to you, I particularly want Carlyle above all to see it before the rest of the world, when it is done, and I should like to inflict the little story on him and on dear, old, gallant Macready with my ewn lips, and to have Stanny (Stauffeld) and the other Mac (Maclise) sitting by.

MR. JOHN RUSKIN, who is nothing if not origi-nal, writes to the Pail Mail Gazette to explain how he got his fortune :-

he get his fortune:—

My father and his partners entered into what your correspondent mellifluously styles "a mutually beneficient partnership" with certain laborers in Spain. The laborers produced from the carth annually a certain number of bottles of wine. These productions were sold by my father and his partners, who kept nine-tenths, or thereabouts, of the price themselves, and gave one-tenth, or thereabouts, to the laborers. In which state of mutual beneficence my lather and his partners naturally became rich, and the laborers as naturally remained poor. Then my good father gave all his money to me (who never did a stroke of work in my life worth my sait, not to mention my dinner).

"THE NATION'S HOLIDAY."

Saturday, the Birthday of George Washing ton, To Be Universally Observed.

Balls, Receptions, Lectures, Orations, Paradee and Reunions the Order of the Day-The Veterans of 1812 to Hoist a Flag at Sunrise and to Partake of Hot Oy ter Soup and Cold Lobster Salad with the Sixth Regiment at Irving Hall.

To-morrow, February 22, will be the 141st anniversary of the birth of George Washington, who was justly declared to be "first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen." the celebration of this memorable anniversary as a useless ceremony; but an awakening has come upon the people, and it is believed that this year the day will be almost universally observed

iegal holiday.

Mr. James Ayliffe will perform, at twelve o'clock, on Trinity church chimes, the following programme

During the evening there will be given a num er of lectures, balls, promenade concerts and

one induged in during the day, and that will be the parade of the Veterans of 1812, who are perhaps the best specimen organization. Americans now existing since the days before the war. The Order of United Mechanics will perhaps parade some three thousand strong it is promsed. Their parade last year was to some extent a failure, but on this anniversary it is said that the

Order will turn out in great force.

It was the intention of the Second brigade of the First division, N. G., S. N. Y., under the command of General Funk, to have paraded on the 22d, but owing to the want of overcoats, which were to have been provided for them, the different regiments of the brigade will not be able to de

regiments of the brigade will not be able to de honor to the memory of George Washington.

The Seventy-first regiment of infantry will give a military and full dress reception at their armory in Sixth avenue, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets, on Saturday evening next. The reception will continue from half-past seven o'clock until half-past eleven o'clock. These receptions of the Seventy-first are always characterized by perfect decorum, good taste and the highest enjoyment, and all who participate in them are certain

The Eighth regiment (infantry) will give a re-Twenty-third street, near Eighth avenue.

Our French residents intend to celebrate the

Countries—In accordance with the following invita-tion, which has been cordially accepted, the Voterants will assemble at the armory of the Sixth regiment, in ull uniform, on Saturday, at 11 o'clock A. M., February 2. Adjulant Warner will proceed to the Central Park and hoist the Veteran flag at surrise.

and hoist the Veteran flag at sourise.

N. G. S. N. Y., Naw York, Feb. D. 1873.

General Herry Raymond and the Veterary of the Market Raymond Raymond I have the honor to request you and your ladies to meet at our armory, 130, 132 and 134 East Phineonth Street, between Irving place and Third avenue, on Saturday, February 22, inst., at 11 o'clock A. M. If anything prevents any member from being accompanied by his lady he is respectfully requested to invite the oldest lady member or his family. We will try our best to make the day pass pleasantly to all, and trusting to you for a large attendance, I am yours, respectfully.

Frank W. Sierry, Colonel.

By order of General H. Raymond.

By order of General H. RATMOND.

ABRAM DALLY, Colonel.

J. GOULD WARNER, Adjutant.

The Boulevard Club will celebrate Washington's Birthday by a grand banquet at the club house, 103d street and Hudson River. Jerome Buck will read Washington's Farewell Address, and orations will be delivered by L. D. Kiernan and H. D. Per-

while delivered by L. D. Klernan and H. D. Perkins.

The American Protestant Association will assemble in Washington Parade Ground at twelve M. sharp, right resting on Fifth avenue. Line of march—Eighth street to Broadway, to Fourteenth street, to Fourth avenue, to Twenty-third street, to Madison avenue, to Forty-second street, to Eighth avenue, to Forty-second street, to Seventeenth street and Union square, there to be dismissed. James Calhoun will act as Grand Marshal.

In addition to the reunions, receptions, parties and balle given above there will be many others, which we have not as yet been notified of. It is expected that all our principal business houses will be closed and that the day will be better observed than ever on this occasion. At all events there will be plenty of feasting, dancing, dinners, orations, lectures, &c. The pupils, graduates and debating class of the Cooper Union will give a grand celebration in the large hall of the Cooper Institute, at which prize essays, poems and orations will be delivered, and the occasion promises fairly, if the interest is to be taken into account which is now excited in regard to the election of Grand Marshal and the appointment of ten assistant marsha's among the sprauting orators of the Debating Class.

The general understanding of the public for the last two years has been that the 22d of February was henceforth to be a national legal holiday. It seems that it was from this intpression that yesterday morning handolils were posted all over the Post-office announcing that it would close on Saturday at ten o'clock. In the afternoon, however, a telegram was received from the Post-master General, and the handolils were taken down. The question is now asked whether this is really a holiday or not, and it is left for the patriotic officials of the government to answer. Kins.

The American Protestant Association will as-

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. Gye will open Covent Garden with Italian opera on Tuesday, April 1, and Mr. Mapleson wi commence his season at Drury Lane on the 15th of the same month. A vocal and instrumental concert will be given

by the pupils of the New York Conservatory of Music at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening. An amateur orchestra will be one of the features of the

Notwithstanding Mr. Boucicault, in a speech before the curtain in Washington not very long ago. than three hundred dramas, some impertinent people are inclined to regard the original ones as no exceeding 003

Ned Buntline's sensational drama, "The Scouts of the Prairie," introducing the genuine Western beroes, Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, Ned Buntline and ten Indian warriors, and the great danseuse. Mile. Merlacchi, is making a success in the smaller cities. It is said it will be produced at Niblo's in

in Leipzig by a young Norwegian planiste, Erika Lie. It has been ascertained that the lady is only an amateur, who, in electrifying the audience at the Leipzig Gewandhaus concerts, merely indulged in a whim. She has now returned to Norway to be married.

Here is a matter of very great interest to a class of professionals in some of our theatres, whose labors are well worth recognition :- In view of the production of an opera from her pen, at the Opera Comique (now closed), the Baroness du Maistre is said to have given the chef de ciaque, David, no

less than 10,000 franca.

The Gazette Musicale sums up Offenbach's new opera, "Les Braconniers" (the Poachers), as follows:-"The piece amuses; the music amuses; the actors amuse-what more is wanted at the Varictes ?" The incidents are described as les situa tions les plus enchevêtrées, and the acore is crita cised as musique pimpants.